

*Eros in Poetry
and Prose: Book Ten*



Collected and Edited by
Patrick Bruskiewich
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Eros in Poetry and Prose Volume Ten

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Cover: *Une Odalisque de Quatre Femmes*, from 1924, by anonymous

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*Her body is a work of art,
A masterpiece that will never depart,
An endless fountain of beauty and grace,
That will forever hold a special place.*

Tia

The Eros in Poetry and Prose Series

Eros in literature is one of the finest and most sublime way to share one's love.

The purpose of the ***Eros in Poetry and Prose*** Series is to share some of the most amorous and enticing pieces of poetry and prose to be found in the English Language.

This is the tenth book in the series. Its release coincides with Valentine's Day 2024.

In this edition you will find original poems and pieces of prose all meant to tickle your *fancy* ...

... perhaps you can figure out where your *fancy* is ...

Enjoy!

Patrick Bruskiewich

Vancouver, BC, Canada

Eros in Poetry

Really I Would

Time is not my friend ...
I know with each and every day
I get closer to the dreaded
“Thirty”

When everyone will ask me ...
Why aren't you married?
Why don't you have children?
What are you waiting for?

My parents want grandchildren,
my aunts and uncles ... nieces and nephews.
Everyone else my age is pregnant
or have already had one ... or two ... or three ...

But look at me!
I would like to get married –
really I would
I would like to have children –
really I would

That requires a grown up man ...
But there are only little boys in my life.

Why Can't They Chase After Me?

My happy twenties are soon over
... my good years are nearly past
Soon I will be thirty, ever
... hoping my beauty will last

A Japanese woman who is thirty
... and not married is considered lost,
your future is thought too murky,
... alone and old you become a pest

but what of middle aged men?
... What happens when they grow old?
here in Japan no one talks of them
... they in fact turn bold

they chase after school girls
... as unashamed as they can be
As if girls were their little pearls
... why can't they chase after me?

Pictorial: That Must Tickle!



The Crack of Lightening by Patrick Bruskievich

The crack of lightening
The roar of thunder
It shakes me to the quick!

I am scared I always am
When the sky flashes
And Zeus lets loose!

A storm is one of my earliest remembrances
That and the warm
Embrace of my dear mother
As she wrapped her arms around me
And sang a French song

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques
Dormer vous, Dormer Vous ...

And so I slept out the storm.

Today the crack of lightening
The roar of thunder
I close my eyes and can hear her voice
Even though she is in heaven
her song comes from high

Zeus away with you
I want to hear my mother's voice!

Until the Verdant Green Returns by Patrick Bruskiewich

There is a certain sadness
when fall descends upon us
and the verdant green of summer
gets displaced by the solemn colours of autumn

Sure autumnal colours are bright ...
but they are far from lively
for the leaves are now dead
and lay scatter lifeless at our feet.

Soon the tree branches will be bare
and we shall spy the empty nests
where life had once chirped happily
but now lay quiet and abandoned.

Soon the blue sky will turn grey
then white ... from high will fall
flakes of cold indifference to blanket
the Earth for many months ...

until the verdant green returns.

It was the touch electric, her
hand upon mine. I looked
up to see two shining eyes, sure
of herself, she smiled. This took
me by surprise, for I knew she
liked me, but how much, now
I knew it was more like love, be
may what it comes, now how
could there be any doubt, here
was someone who wanted to
unwrap me, and savour
the sweetness of life in its
fullness, so I smiled back.
Ah well, I could not stop her
nor would I want to. For I
knew what it was, and let it be

Pictorial: What Life is About ...



What flowers do when we aren't
watching – am I old enough to know?
They have male and female parts
so close together as they grow ...
the stamen, the carpel, soft petals,
filaments, anthers and pollen
– sperm by any other name – that settles
on everything, drawing us all, and calling
the bees, with their stingers, out to play
in the middle of spring and summer days.
When we give a flower to a pretty girl,
if they love their flowers,
we too set the world
into male and female parts.

Dear God,
Forgive me
For I have sinned.

I have loved
in a world filled
full of hate.

I have been gentle
when others really
only want to be mean.

I have tried to create
Heaven on Earth
but it is hell they really want.

I have tried to be kind and strong
but I have been ground
to dust instead.

Dear God,
Forgive me
For I have sinned.

There is little of my soul left

here crushed beneath my cross
and crown of thorns.

Tempe Not by Patrick Bruskiewich

Beauty and wisdom ...
Have captured men
both in the present
and in the past ...

Paintings long ago ...
cathedrals rising.
Great minds ...
anxious about beauty
Keats or something Grecian;
Is this the Soul?

For beauty gives
and ye beauty be
Years lasting to anew
as our ode;
to daily by ...
so times have written.

Known thought ...
and splendor
have inspired some lives

in captured glory

When we create
beautiful things
we fashion wisdom
for the ages ...
Though hast!

Remain e'er maidens.
Those song what say'st thou love!
our sea of sacrifice
and eternity trees;
The still emptied ones.
Do give and return bliss.

Ever, for maidens by
in forest play sweetly,
never ending songs.
Therefore winning.
to that fair!
what dales leaf-fring'd.
wilt brede her with.

Flowery pipes
Marble amidst Arcady?
sung to unwearied men.
Cloy'd thee for rhyme;

Tale tone ...
Become her passion;
Goal unheard
a struggle fought;
evermore melodist on pious pipes
canst heifer with beauty—
that still, or of needing breath
thou ever leave love pursuit?

That mad, high-sorrowful citadel
with soft silken skin
what happy spirit grieve;
New warmth and happiness ...
ditties ever young;
Leave but folk panting.

Heard ye be entangled beneath.

All lowing canst not soul;
Your beauty no men,
mortal or lover bare
fit haunts forever.

Above happy the bid
outlast lead'st silence
little will.

Ever melodies shalt at age fair.

Tell how be to attic shore,

Ye escape?

trodden bold

silent truth

of all the deities

adieu ...

unravish'd?

In branches be

our peaceful heart

who art for soft generation canst pipe.

Pastoral! all fair time;

To a tongue timbrels?

those sweet so drest?

gods thy man be sensual;

ecstasy ... thy bride!

Altar forever ours; fade not;

to men of legend, wild waste ...

What Loneliness Is by Patrick Bruskiewich

Loneliness is walking in the
Shadows of the Cherry
Blossoms and having no one to
Share the moment with.
Loneliness is seeing how pink
And beautiful they are
And being reminded of the
Wonders of the woman you love.
Loneliness is watching the
Cherry Blossoms dance
Through space and time reminding
You each moment is fleeting.
Loneliness is walking alone
Along the boulevards of life and
Realizing no one presses close to
your arm to ask ... Do you love me?

The Places In Between

How do we know when we've arrived?
Somewhere in the space
in between where we live our lives
and where we go in our dreams,
is a place to define
where lays the infinite
and the vastly divine.
"We've been waiting for you,"
They said.
From the spaces in between.
Where smoke drifts through the winding corridors
of our minds
which lift and carry us.
We are a figment of imagination.
Perhaps.
A blip.
Is this what it means?
How do we hear the voices
of all who came before us
leading us through
the cracks and the seams?
What guidance we seek
in that place

where the Elders and the Angels
can find us.
Somewhere towards the infinite,
where from here
we can only dream and philosophize.
And ...
Evaporate.
It's in there that lay the meanings
man's ever hoped to find.
An energy highway should it be seen,
Leading towards the divine.
And to the places in between.

Sun

Bathe within his light
Upon entrance to the night
His strength and warmth enfold you.
It is in this moment,
Where the first inkling of change
Falls upon you,
And sits silently
In the corners and the stillness.
Until in dawn,
Perhaps reborn,
Where we may once again
Bathe within his light.

Pictorial: A Statuette ...



I Now Feel Out of Place by Rose Lang

Time flies ... or at least
it does something fast
I can no longer do what I please
My days don't seem to last

What has become of the helical?
are the clocks wound too tight
are they coiled, looped, twisted,
do they convolute and spiral?

One moment it is morning
the next its night, time speeds by
at a frightful pace, leaving me
In its wake ... I now feel out of place.

To Be a Good Gardner

The other day, here in the Big Apple,
my girlfriend and I were potting plants –

I wanted to take my tool out –
but she wanted me to leave it in.
She wrapped her legs around me
to try to pin me tight but
somehow I pulled myself free ...
and just in time!

It was her spring time you see ...
Then we argued ...don't you love me?
We seem to do a lot of that now ...
Quarrelling, not gardening.

To me she is just a friend
with certain benefits.

I on the other hand
is her road to an easy life.

I ponder about that ...
I wonder if it is time for me

To be a good gardener ... elsewhere,
before my tool rusts away,
or the weeds over run my garden.

You Know What I Mean ...

The Pen is
mightier than
The sword

But is it not
the same thing
a sword and the Pen is
... you know what I mean.

It's fine if I write this down,
but if I speak the word
then people they just frown
As if I have said them wrong.

But it's as much a part of me
As my heart and my mind ...
And without it, and a uterus too
We wouldn't be here to argue

Woody we?

Pictorial: A Modern Day Minotaur



I Want Something Different by Isabella Montsouris

When I was told
what the theme would be
About what boys
use to pee ...

I thought well ...
hell ... I have seen them
and been a bit player
with them too.

But how am I to know
What they are all about?
I am a girl after all
And girls don't have boy toys ...

I wondered what would
it be like to thrust your way
forward and not be the back stop
in the game of life?

What would it be like to
go out each night and sleep
with a different girl.
And boast about it in the morning ...

Girls can't do that
Can they ... well I bet I can
go out each night with a boy
and say I want something different.

Sleeping around is just too
Unexciting for me. I want
Something unusual....
Some boys like the outlandish.

So let me tell you about
This and don't blush.

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
draw him as a brave David
Standing on his pedestal.

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
Reach into his pants
to play with his bells ... ding dong

While I was fully dressed
A boy asked me to
come watch him as he stood
behind a tree in a park and peed.

While I was fully dressed

A boy asked me to

watch him as he played his flute
and reached the high treble notes ...

While I was fully dressed

A boy asked me to

rub against my thighs from behind.
Oh la la ... the pop of champagne

While I was fully dressed

A boy asked me to

to spy on him and his girlfriend
As they played their game of life (*oh by the way she got pregnant*).

While I was undressed

A boy asked me to

Lie beneath a table with a hole
and milk him like a cow

You are blushing now aren't you!

Tom, will you let me love you in your restaurant?

i will let you make me a sandwich of your invention and i will eat it and call it a carolyn sandwich. then you will kiss my lips and taste the mayonnaise and that is how you shall love me in my restaurant

Tom, will you come to my empty beige apartment and help me set up my daybed?

yes, and i will put the screws in loosely so that when we move on it, later, it will rock like a cradle and then you will know you are my baby

Tom, I am sitting on my dirt bike on the deck. Will you come out from the kitchen and watch the people with me?

yes, and then we will race to your bedroom. i will win and we will tangle up on your comforter while the sweat rains from our stomachs and foreheads

Tom, the stars are sitting in tonight like gumball gems in a little girl's jewelry box. Later can we walk to the duck pond? yes, and we can even go the long way past the jungle gym. i will push you on the swing, but promise me you'll hold tight. if you fall i might disappear

Tom, can we make a baby together? I want to be a big pregnant woman with a loved face and give you a squalling red daughter. no, but i will come inside you and you will be my daughter

Tom, will you stay the night with me and sleep so close that we are one person?

no, but i will lay down on your sheets and taste you. there will be feathers of you on my tongue and then i will never forget you

Tom, when we are in line at the convenience store can I put my hands in your back pockets and my lips and nose in your baseball shirt and feel the crook of your shoulder blade?

no, but later you can lay against me and almost touch me and when i go i will leave my shirt for you to sleep in so that always at night you will be pressed up against the thought of me

Tom, if I weep and want to wait until you need me will you promise that someday you will need me?

no, but i will sit in silence while you rage, you can knock the chairs down any mountain. i will always be the same and you will always wait

Tom, will you climb on top of the dumpster and steal the sun for me? It's just hanging there and I want it.

no, it will burn my fingers. no one can have the sun: it's on loan from god. but i will draw a picture of it and send it to you from richmond and then you can smooth out the paper and you will have a piece of me as well as the sun

Tom, it's so hot here, and I think I'm being born. Will you come back from Richmond and baptise me with sex and cool water?

i will come back from richmond. i will smoothe the damp spiky hairs from the back of your neck and then i will lick the salt off it. then i will leave

Tom, Richmond is so far away. How will I know how you love me?
i have left you. that is how you will know

Pictorial: A Living Stature complete with Fig Leaf



He is more than a hero by Sappho

he is a god in my eyes—
the man who is allowed
to sit beside you — he

who listens intimately
to the sweet murmur of
your voice, the enticing

laughter that makes my own
heart beat fast. If I meet
you suddenly, I can't

speak — my tongue is broken;
a thin flame runs under
my skin; seeing nothing,

hearing only my own ears
drumming, I drip with sweat;
trembling shakes my body

and I turn paler than
dry grass. At such times
death isn't far from me

If I hold my breath for a million ebbing years, little oyster
waiting my tables, fighting the tide, swimming to hope
and still I can't open you up, love
I'll marry the fat red tomato
I got from an infatuated farmer who waits pleasantly
with knife and fork, to eat me.
I'll marry the warm brown York, where naked swimming
is like breathing, a priority, and only as dangerous
as the softshell crabs slipping away on the sandy floor of the river.
I'll marry my worn work shirt, stained with Corona and crabcake
and sweat and a little smear of cocktail sauce like a margin.
I'll marry each lonely marine I wait on,
he and I will picture a possible me, painting my toenails
bloodred in a trailer, waiting for him,
for the slippery click of the lock;
knowing it now, we look away.
I'll marry the teasing moon whose bright vowels dance on the water
like the Yorktown Slut, promising everything
sighing, before she slips away
what if, what if.
I'll engage my boss on his boat in thoughts of brastraps
and panties and other wistful trappings
which become, like breathing, a priority.
I'll marry each barnacle I scrub
bare, barely staying afloat,

while the bass slip away past the rockabye boat and the waves whisper
dive under, dive under, seduction is rare,
seduction is hope.

I'll marry the Pub, and slop icecold mugs of beer
onto men whose eyes seem to say that I too, am replaceable.
My sneakered feet will slip, I'll wed the salted floor that way —
slide into the sun and marry the day.

I'll marry the bent mirror in the back
where I pin up my marmalade hair
and stare at lips as red as cocktail sauce
the round everpresent planet of mouth
and fragile freckled arms who miss the man who slipped away.

I'll marry my beautiful brown teacher whose letters,
which say angst is my downfall, I read on the sneak
on a Budweiser box amongst the dead clams and unconsummated lemons
in the back of the Pub; I'll marry my downfall.

And if I fall down a hole as big as the Chesapeake Bay, big as my whole
yummy heart, today's Special of the Day,
I'll marry it.

There are perhaps 80 to 85 poems from Roman times that relate to the Roman God *Priapus*. In Roman times it was normal to see the male form in statues in public places. In Renaissance some of these ancient ideas found new life in states in Florence and elsewhere. Today there would be a scandal if a statue paid homage to the male form. This poem asks the question why ...

Priapea 9

You ask, why is my obscene part without covering?
Ask why no god covers his own weapons.
The master of the world has his thunderbolt and holds it openly,
Nor is a covered trident given to the sea god.
Mars does not hide the sword through which he is strong,
Nor does the spear lurk in Pallas' warm lap.
Surely it doesn't shame Phoebus to carry golden arrows?
And Diana is accustomed to carry her quiver openly?
Surely Hercules doesn't cover the strength of his knotty staff?
Surely the winged god doesn't have his staff under his tunic?
Who sees Bacchus pulling a cloak over his gracious thyrsus,
Who sees you, Love, with a hidden torch?
Let it not be my crime that my prick is revealed.
If this, my weapon, were absent, I'd be defenceless.

Pictorial: Zeus of Artemisia, (also sometimes called Poseidon)



Commentary: The Penis Poem by Willie Nelson

This is a poem about a man who grows old. Our society has a preoccupation with menopause, and a complete disregard to *andropause*.

In Greek “andras” means male and “pause” in Greek a cessation; so literally *andropause* is defined as an affliction associated with a decrease in fertility, sexual satisfaction and a decline in a feeling of general well-being, with the onset of low levels of testosterone in older man.

Women have hot flashes, droopy breasts and infertility as they grow old. Men too have hot flashes, a droopy appendage and infertility as they grow old. A difference between a man and a woman is that andropause is more apparent.

To show you how little attention is given to the affliction, *andropause* is not even in the standard dictionary in my word processing program!

My nookie days are over,
my pilot light is out.
What used to be my sex appeal,
is now my waterspout.

Time was when, on its own accord,
from my trousers it would spring.
But now I've got a full time job,
to find the fuckin' thing.

It used to be embarrassing,
the way it would behave.
For every single morning,
it would stand and watch me shave.

Now as old age approaches,
it sure gives me the blues.
To see it hang its little head,
and watch me tie my shoes!

Commentary: Monte Python's Penis Song

In 1973 when this little ditty was first presented on the British Television program *Monte Python's Flying Circus*, the ditty nearly cost the Brits the chance to broadcast in North America. The flood of complaints lit up the telephone exchange at the US TV network that was rebroadcasting the show.

I was at a Catholic school at the time, in middle school. Every week, after watching an episode of *Monte Python's Flying Circus*, some of my friends and I would act out the best parts at lunch time in the school's hallway.

Of course we could not use the p-word that was in the original show so we decided to replace *penis* with *pencil* instead ... yet we were still hauled before the principal and told to stop. What's wrong with having a *pencil*?

“Isn't it awfully nice to have a *pencil*?
Isn't it frightfully good to have a *pencil*?
It's swell to have a *pencil*.
It's divine to own a *pencil*,
From the tiniest little tadger
To the world's biggest *staedler* ...
So, three cheers for your *pencil* ... or John Thomas.”

Eros in Prose

[**Montreal**] During the summer, while I was out on a hike through the woods I managed to scratch my forehead on a branch. It wasn't the first time I scratched my forehead but for some reason this summer the scratch did not heal properly.

The skin around the scratch began to inflamed and get sensitive to the touch. I started to scratch the scratch, something you should never do – but sometime this is hard not to do, especially on hot summer days.

I went to my family doctor and he simply said it was infected. That was obvious to me and I don't have a medical degree. He said to just wash the scratch, keep it dry and not to touch it. He said if things had not improved in a week to come back.

A week later I was back to see him. This time he said I should try an anti-itch hydrocortisone ointment. He gave me a prescription for the hydrocortisone ointment and I went to fill it at the pharmacy. He said if things had not improved in a week to come back.

A week later I was back to see him. Then he gave me a prescription for an antibiotic cream and I went to fill it at the pharmacy. The antibiotic was an over the counter cream which had Polymyxin B Sulphate and Gramicidin as its active ingredients. He said use for a week and if things had not improved to come back.

Twice a day I washed the scratch on my face carefully, dried it and applied the antibiotic cream. In a few days my forehead started to burn around the scratch and things seemed to get worst rather than better. It was now even more inflamed!

Finally I asked my grandmother for advice and she took me to the corner store and bought me some Manuka Honey from Australia and said to wash around the scratch and then apply the honey directly onto my forehead where it was inflamed. I did that twice that day and by the following morning the area around the scratch no longer felt hot to the touch. By the end of the week the scratch was no longer infected and it began to heal. Ten days later the scratch had all but disappeared.

Maybe I should have gone to my grandmother first? But it is still good to go see your doctor. Perhaps when medical science can't give the answers we search for and need Mother Nature can? I now keep Manuka Honey in my bathroom cabinet and not in the kitchen.

Obviously one of the benefits of Manuka Honey is that it is a natural antibiotic for some forms of common skin infections.

{translated from French}

[Paris] We all have our secret desires. You probably won't admit you have secret desires and even if you admit to having them, you will probably never share them with anyone except perhaps your lover in the fits of intimacy. He probably has his secret desires too. Promise me you will not mock his, if of course he does not mock yours. I admit to having many secret desires. Some of my countless secret desires are rather strange and perhaps even perverse.

Since I was a little girl I have had one secret desire that I will share with you. Being a girl I know all about my body and in particular my sex. Can you guess what this secret desire is? It is how much I wish I could have a *Zizi* all my own, not permanently mind you because I like being a girl and having a clitoris. In case you can't figure what a *Zizi* is, it is French slang for a boys 'you know what.'

I was five when I saw my first *Zizi*. It was summer time and I was visiting *ma grandmere*. We were out on the streets of Paris. A man was in a pissoir and out of the corner of my eye I noticed his *Zizi*. I knew boys could pee standing up so it was no surprise to see the pee arch through the air and into the receptacle. What surprised me was what his *Zizi* looked like. The man was a workman. He was short and stocky and his *Zizi* was short and quite thick.

When he turned away from the receptacle he saw that I was watching him. He was not embarrassed but instead was not in a rush to tuck himself back into his trousers and zip up. To tease me he giggled his *Zizi* back and forth. Or maybe it was to rid

himself of the last drops of his pee? Whatever the reason he took pleasure in it. I later drew a picture of him peeing.



He could have turned his back when he peed in the pissoir, most men do, but I think he wanted me watch him. It would amaze me how much boys are exhibitionists. I would discover this to be one of the big distinctions between girls and boys. Most boys are proud of their *Zizis*, unless they are tiny. Girls like to hide their mystique away. Later I would also find out that every boy is different, just as every girl is also unique.

I stood there with my mouth wide open so he knew this was a first for me. He smiled, tucked himself back into his trousers, zipped up, grabbed his crotch and gave it a big pull. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, '*ca va petite?*'

It was *ma grandmere*. We were out shopping for groceries. I turned to look up at her and when I turned back the workman was gone.

For the next half hour I was very quiet, trying to understand what I had just saw. *Ma grandmere* asked me if I was feeling all right. I couldn't really tell her what had happened or how I was feeling so I just told her I was tired and had a headache. She took me straight back to her apartment, poured me a bath and then I spent the rest of the afternoon in bed.

That afternoon while in bed with my hands I explored my sex and tried to imagine what a *Zizi* would feel like. I drifted asleep and had a most remarkable dream that I had grown a *Zizi*.

For as long as I can remember I have dreamed. Sometime I would have nightmares but most of the time as I slept I had wonderful dreams. Even today, now that I am much older, I dream and sometimes I even remember dreams I have had many years before. I feel sorry for people who do not or cannot dream. To be able to dream is to live a second life, separate from our waking hours. When we dream we can explore the surreal and do things we couldn't do in real life – like a girl growing a *Zizi*.

When I woke that afternoon my sex was very pink and sensitive to touch. In my dream I had figured out that a boy's *Zizi* was where *mon petit bouton, mon clitoris est*. If you want something to wonder about, *clitoris* in French is masculine word *le clitoris*. But why? It should be *la clitorise n'est ce pas?* Boys don't have *un clitoris*, girls do. Boys have *un Zizi* ...

With took my girlish fingers I carefully pulled back *le capuchin autour mon clitoris*. *Mon petit bouton* was no bigger than the tip of my little finger. I wondered why *le Zizi etait si grand, mais mon clitoris etait si petit*. I decided then and there that I needed to find out.

I got up and decided not to dress and went downstairs to the garden door, opened it and stood at the threshold, peering out deep in my thoughts. There was a boy about my age that lived next door. We had grown up together. I was hoping he would see me.



In the past he had asked to see what I looked like. Today I wanted him to see me so that I could ask to see his *Zizi*. After a minute or so his face appeared in a second floor window. He stood there in amazement staring at me. I waved at him and he waved at me. Then he opened the window and called out “do you want to play?” Oui ...”

Just then *ma grandmere* saw me and grabbed her Polaroid camera and took this picture of me *sans habillement*. She asked me what I was thinking about, so I told her! But I didn't tell her about what I wanted to do with the boy next door.

“Let's go upstairs and get dress then I will make you a sandwich, you must be hungry, she said. Indeed I was but I was hungry *pour les saucisses*, French for sausages! It is funny how many French slang words there are for the *Zizi*! There are even more for the softness of a woman.

Ma grandmere was very wise and so I trusted her to help me understand the whole *Zizi* thing. I asked what a *Zizi* was. She asked me if I had ever seen a *Zizi*. I said yes, but I didn't tell her about the man in the pissoir. I thought this might upset her enough to call the police.

Instead I told her one of the boys in the neighborhood had taken a quick pee behind a tree and I happen to see him do it. I made up that story of course. She asked me to describe the boy. I told her the boy was my age and she left things at that. She suspected it was the boy next door, who she knew to be good at heart and my friend.

“Stay away from older boys,” she warned me. “They have only one thing on their minds.” “What was that?” I asked her. She said I was too young to know all about boys and babies but she did tell me enough to scare me from letting older boys put their *Zizis* into me.

I was half way through my sandwich when there was a knock on the kitchen door. It was the boy next door. I offered him half of my sandwich which he gladly ate. Then we made our dash to the kitchen door, but my grandmother would not let me

go out to play since “I was just getting over a headache ...” she said, so we had to stay inside out of the summer sun. She made us some sweet lemonade and we were escorted into the drawing room.

Ma grandmere had a wonderful library so we took two travel picture books down and laying on the delicious coolness of the marble floor we started to enjoy the books. He had chosen a travel book from Africa which had many bare breasted girls. He kept on showing me the pictures and making edgy comments.

I found a picture in my book of a baby boy being held on his mother’s hip with his *Zizi* showing and turned to him and asked if his was bigger than the one in the picture. “Wouldn’t you like to see!” was his answer to me so I just nodded.

From time to time *ma grandmere* would check in to see “if everything was fine ...” probably because she knew I had *Zizis* on my mind. It was about twenty minutes before he whispered “*oh lalal ... tu etait nus!*”

“You saw what I look like, now I want to see what you look like,” I said. He rolled over and tugged down his pants. He was not wearing underwear. That was the first time I saw a *Zizi* so close. It was smaller than the man’s but that shouldn’t have surprised me. I did not know this but underneath a *Zizi* is a boy’s marble sack. That afternoon was also the first time I touched a *Zizi*. It was so soft! I also played with his marbles. Oh how I wanted a *Zizi* of my own!

Then there was the sound of approaching footsteps. Everything was as it should be by the time *ma grandmere* checked in to see “if everything was fine ...” Indeed it was!

After *ma grandmere* had left us alone I told him in a whisper about the man in the pissoir. “Boys like to let girls watch when they pee. Girls have to sit when you pee. We are proud that we can stand and pee.”

A few days later he let me watch him pee. We were outside playing. He went behind a tree, zipped open his trousers and let watered the tree. He made a game of it trying to arch his pee high above.

The next time he let me watch was when we had walked to a hill nearby. I took some pictures of him peeing. I had snuck my grandmere’s Polaroid with black and white film in it.



He proudly said he could pee the furthest of all the boys his age in the neighborhood. I asked him how he knew this and he confessed that the boys in the neighborhood had peeing contests. Who could pee the furthest? Who could knock over a target. Who could hit a bee in flight. Boys will be boys!



Later that summer he arranged for me to watch one of their peeing contest. Before I could watch though I had to let the boys watch me pee. So I lifted my dress, drew down my panties and squatted but in my nervousness of having so many boys watching me I could barely produce a trickle. Nonetheless they let me stay and watch their contest. I couldn't stop giggling!

After they were finished I needed to pee badly so I just squatted a second time and won *la plus grande flaque d'eau* award! They made me an honorary member of their club; the first girl to be invited to their contest.

By the end of that summer I had seen a dozen *Zizis* ... but I only had the courage to touch the *Zizi* of the boy next door.

Oh how I wanted a *Zizi*!

Pictorial: Doreman as Poseidon



A painting by Patrick Bruskiewich

There were, of course, many cafes in Montmartre frequented by artists—the Nouvelle Athenes on the Place Pigalle and the one on the Place Blanche, to mention only two where we used to go occasionally.

Alluding to these cafes reminds me of a very curious though perhaps amusing experience I had on one occasion. A charming lady (they were all charming in those days) had promised to lunch with me, and wrote to say she would meet me at the cafe on the Place Blanche at one o'clock. I was delighted, and got there ten minutes before the time so as not to keep her waiting. I ordered an aperitif, and not having read the paper that morning I called for the Figaro. Absorbed in my reading I did not notice the time; then suddenly I thought of it, and looked at my watch. It was half-past one. She was half an hour late; surely something must have happened to prevent her keeping the appointment. Quite suddenly it flashed through my mind as I looked around that our rendezvous was at the cafe on the Place Blanche, and that I was seated at the Nouvelle Athenes on the Place Pigalle. How it came about I cannot explain, except that it must have been a fit of abstraction on my part.

In no time at all I had paid the waiter, and was running as fast as I could to the Place Blanche, a few hundred yards distant—but she was not there. When I got back to my room after lunch I found a note from her telling me she had waited for half an hour, and hoped there had been no misunderstanding as to the appointment. She was good-natured enough to for-give me, and lunched with me another day, when I explained the contretemps, putting it down, as she said laughingly, to my temperament d'artiste. Not many women would have been so kind. At the opposite corner of the Place Pigalle was the Rat Mort, then a place of unpleasant repute even

for Montmartre—as it had the reputation of being frequented only by ladies and gentlemen of certain proclivities. Still it gradually seemed to improve, and, the usual habitués migrating elsewhere, it then got to be known that they gave an excellent table d'hôte dinner with vin à discrétion at 2.25, and it was by degrees taken up till at last one could actually be seen going in without any chaffing remarks being made after-wards; while it eventually also be-came a place where one sat outside and took one's coffee and so forth.

The life on the Place Pigalle was very interesting to watch from the terrasse of either of the cafés, especially of an evening before dinner; there was always a stream of petites ouvrières on their way home, and if it were at all muddy one would get a gratuitous display of dainty ankles.

I remember sitting with some pals out-side the Rat Mort one summer evening taking our apéritifs. It had been raining but had cleared up. We were in a larky sort of mood. Suddenly one of us exclaimed, “What a lovely leg that girl's got crossing over there; if her face is anything to match she must be a real beauty.

“Well, it's easily found out,” I remarked.

“How?”

“By going after her and having a look, of course,” I replied, making a movement as though I were about to do so; but at that moment the object of our curiosity turned round to avoid a passing cab, and revealed the most charming of faces and figures. She was indeed chic and attractive, and we all gave an exclamation of approval.

“You are so daring, Price,” said one of the chaps—“I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll bet you five francs you don’t go after her and bring her back to dinner.”

“I don’t like to encourage your extravagance,” I replied in the same vein. “but I’ll take on your bet all the same.”

“I’ll make it a bottle of wine as well, that you don’t even get her to speak to you.”

“Done with you,” I replied, and picking up my hat and stick I dashed across the road after the beautiful stranger. I felt that my reputation as a “blood” was at stake, so had no hesitation. — Just as she reached the opposite side of the Boulevard, and was walking up the Rue Houdon, I caught her up. I was breathless both with excitement and with hurrying. Without pausing I raised my hat and blurted out, “Pardon me, Mademoiselle, for speaking to you, but will you help me make a fortune?”

She stopped dead, and looked at me with astonishment, amazed for a moment at my impertinence in speaking to her, for she was evidently not the type of girl to be à la recherche d'une aventure.

“*Que me voulez-vous, Monsieur?*” she ejaculated; then noting perhaps that I was not an evil-looking ruffian, she added, “*Je ne vous connais pas.*”

But that in itself was sufficient; it only remained with me to start a conversation. In the distance I could see my friends at the café standing up, the better to watch developments. I had an inspiration which I flattered myself afterwards was a masterpiece.

“It's this way, Mademoiselle,” I said; “I am an artist and I am looking for a specially beautiful face for a picture I am going to paint, and as you passed I said to myself that if I could only persuade you to sit for me my fortune is made. So you can help me if you will; anyhow I offer you my apologies for venturing to accost you.”

It was bold introduction, but it caught on. Although she repeated, “*Mais je ne vous connais pas, Monsieur,*” I could see she was not really angry, now she knew my reason for stopping her; so one portion of the bet was already won— now for the other. But in these few minutes I had realized that she was no ordinary girl, such as one could meet any day in Montmartre; so I quickly made up my mind that if I could help it the adventure should not end so abruptly. The ice was now broken, so after some persuasion I got her to let me accompany her just a little way while I told her all about my picture— which needless to say had only just been evolved from my imagination.

I soon discovered, and to my surprise, while getting more and more friendly, for I had hoped for something different, that she was quite a respectable girl, living with her people in the Rue Lepic, and was employed as vendeuse at a big millinery establishment in the Rue Roy-ale. We strolled on for quite a long while getting more and more friendly, till she gradually threw off her reserve of manner and re-marked naively that anyone to see us would take us for old friends; and then I remembered the bet and felt almost ashamed of myself for having told her such a lot of fibs. When, how-ever, she said she must be getting home, and I then suggested her dining with me instead, she wouldn't hear of it for a moment. “*Une autre fois, peut-etre, mais pas ce soir,*” besides, she was expected home. After a deal of persuasion I managed to get her to give me an address where I could write her, and she promised to meet me another evening; then she hurried away.

When I got back to the café my friends had nearly finished dinner; they gave a roar of laughter when I appeared alone, and the one who had made the bet began to chaff me mildly. I pulled out a five-franc piece and handed it to him, saying, “You have won that part of the bet, old man, but I’ll have the bottle of wine with you, at any rate.” They started asking a lot of questions, but I refused to be drawn.

“*Comme il est malin, ce vieux Price,*” they declared.

I wondered if they guessed the luck the bet had brought me. A few days later we met again, but not by accident this time, and I took her to a very quiet restaurant away from my artistic haunts; and we sat right in a corner in case anyone should happen to come in who knew her at home, and we had a simple little dinner which she chose herself—and then I told her all about the bet and she wasn’t the least bit angry, but laughed heartily and said, “*On m’a toujours dit que les Anglais sont monotones, mais vous no l’etes pas au moins.*” Then we strolled back through quiet streets in quite spoony fashion, and I snatched an occasional kiss in dark doorways; and it was very nice and all that—but it wasn’t a bit what I had expected, for she had to get in early unless she was going to a theatre, she told me. One evening, “when her parents knew me,” she would perhaps be allowed to stay out later. We had a very peaceful, pleasant evening, and I promised to write and fix another appointment; but on thinking it all over afterwards I came to the conclusion that it would be better for us both not to meet again — so I didn’t write.

Next door to the Rat Mort on the Place Pigalle an artist’s house, I think it was Stevens, with studio and garden, had just been bought by some enterprising restaurateur who had conceived the original idea of turning it all into a high-class restaurant; so one lunched or dined in the *salle à manger* and the *salon* and the big

studio upstairs, while during the summer it was pleasant to take one's coffee under the tree in the garden which overlooked the Place. To this new place was given the artistic and resounding appellation of the Abbaye de Thélème. The prices were just a trifle higher than elsewhere in the neighborhood, but very moderate considering. Montmartre in those days was a very different place to what it later became. The Moulin Rouge was not dreamed of. The chief place of amusement was the Elysée Montmartre, a dancing hall on the Boulevard Rochechouart, where all the smartest and fastest girls and the artists' models were to be found. Everybody used to go there, and it was quite the only thing to do on Saturday and Sunday nights during the winter. One was pretty sure to find an "aventure" there also if one was looking for one. On Sundays, in the afternoon, there was dancing up at the Moulin de la Galette, a quaint ramshackle old place on the heights of Montmartre.

This was a picturesque spot close to the fortifications, on the top of a steep hill. It was almost rural in its seclusion, and was more like a corner in a small provincial town than a portion of busy Paris; the view one obtained from the terrace alone was worth the arduous climb up the ill-paved streets to reach it, and many people went up only for this, and with no intention of dancing. The ballroom was very primitive, as it had evidently been a big barn originally, and there was no pretence at all at luxury about it or the gardens surrounding it. Close by was the battered ruin of an old mill, from which it got its name. Here the crowd was of a very rough description; though one often met artists up there, it was not at all artistic. One was charged a small sum for each dance, and a man used to collect this during the dances. There were always a lot of pretty girls there, but it was a somewhat risky thing to ask anyone you didn't know to dance with you, as it was more than probable her "macquereau" was close by, and he and his pals might set on you when you got outside. This was constantly happening, as there was never more than one policeman

on duty in the hall. Artists would go up there to look for a pretty model, and have a very bad time if they went up alone and were too venturesome.

Although it was the artists' quarter it was also a hot-bed of vice. The whole of the district round where I lived was full of women and their *souteneurs*, and in the Rue Breda on a warm summer evening one would see dozens of them hanging out of their windows in the scantiest of attire, and they would often beckon one to come up. There was, however, no necessity to go out of one's way to look up at the windows for such adventures if one were so minded, as the streets of the *Quartier de Notre Dame de Lorette* fairly reeked with *cocottes*, and they were to be seen everywhere—gorgeously dressed in the latest of fashion and painted up to their eyes. There were any number of brasseries and cafés which were crowded with them of a night—where one saw every possible grade of frail sisterhood.

I shall never forget my first impressions of one of these places. It was close on daybreak. In the hot, fetid atmosphere, reeking with musk and the fumes of stale tobacco smoke, the crowd of wanton women with their painted and powdered faces and tawdry finery appeared almost inhuman. I remember that on looking round I wondered what attraction, sensually or otherwise, these bedizened trollops could possibly present, even to the most drunken debauchee, for most of them were quite middle aged, and I did not see one with any pretension to good-looks. There were very few men in the cafe, and the women sat at the tables in gloomy silence, for time was getting on and soon the place would be closing, and then naught would remain but to make their way wearily to the all-night houses near the *Halles Centrales*, the last hope of the Paris street-walker. It was indeed a picture of the under-world of a great city. There were also not a few places in the neighborhood which enjoyed a peculiar notoriety distinctly Parisian, where the sterner sex were seldom to be seen.

In fact so notorious was the district that I often wondered if any respectable female really lived in it. The artists' colony adjourned, and in places overlapped it — whether by accident or design one can only surmise; anyhow, one would find studios in all the streets around the Place Pigalle—while along the Boulevard there seemed to be one in every house, judging from the immense windows facing north; in fact some houses consisted only of studios. The frame-makers and color merchants apparently thrived well in this quarter, for there were numbers of them. Artists' models, mostly Italians, male and female, used to loiter about the centre of the Place Pigalle waiting for a job—and with their picturesque costumes imparted a bright welcome note of color on a sunny morning.

The studio district later crept right up the heights of Montmartre—but I am only concerned with the part where I lived at that time, and which was the original colony — the Boulevard Rochechouart, the Boulevard de Clichy, and some of the neighboring streets.

No description of the quarter would be complete without some mention of the famous *Cabaret du Chat Noir* which had just been opened in the Rue de Laval by the artist, poet, and writer, Rodolphe Salis. Originally started on the Boulevard Rochechouart in 1881, in a modest shop which served as studio for Salis, it became the rendezvous of all the eccentric artists, poets, musicians, and writers of Montmartre, who gave full vent to the most revolutionary theories in their work, while ostensibly drinking the comparatively harmless beer of France. These reunions gradually became talked about and other people outside the little set were attracted to the place.

The growing éclat of the coterie decided Salis to transform his studio into an artistic cabaret. The walls were plentifully adorned with old tapestry and other quaint decorations and paintings, as well as with busts of the original members. A magnificent black cat, which had served as model to several artists, was the *ori flamme* of the little establishment which henceforth blazoned out under the sonorous appellation of “*L’Institut*” (a skit on the famous temple of Science and Art of Paris), and where only those who made their living by their intellect were eligible as members. The vogue of the place spread among the artists and writers away from Montmartre, and it became generally known as the “Chat Noir.” The artistic soirées of Salis began to be talked about; the tickets of invitation to these gatherings were eagerly sought after, till at length the modest ci-devant shop became too small to contain all those who wished to be present.

In the face of such extraordinary success, Salis decided to move the “*Institut*” to more important and convenient premises in the Rue de Laval in 1885. The removal of the cabaret from its old quarters was made in the most original and fantastic style—as might have been expected from so many fertile brains. At eleven at night a remarkable and picturesque procession was formed, and to the accompaniment of weird music the members marched through the streets with their bag and baggage to their “new home;” while the most curious spectacle that had ever been offered to Montmartre. The festivity in connection with the removal of the “Chat Noir” continued late in the night, and some of the younger and more boisterous of the followers of Salis were so carried away by the exuberance of their spirits that they started playing pranks outside the cabaret, which might have landed them in trouble. As it was, they only escaped through a fortuitous circumstance which was quite amusing in itself.

About two in the morning half a dozen or so of young fellows, my cousin Jephson among them, after all sorts of hare-brained escapades, started scaling lamp-posts and turning out the gas. They were thus merrily engaged when some sergeants de ville suddenly appeared on the scene, arrested them all, and conveyed them to the nearest poste de police, where they were brought before the officer on a charge of riotous behaviour. Though doubtless accustomed to such boyish pranks on the part of artists and students, he assumed a very grave air, expatiated on the heinousness of their conduct, and told them to their astonishment that they would have to prove their identity; also that unless they could find bail he would not let them out till they had seen the Commissaire the following day.

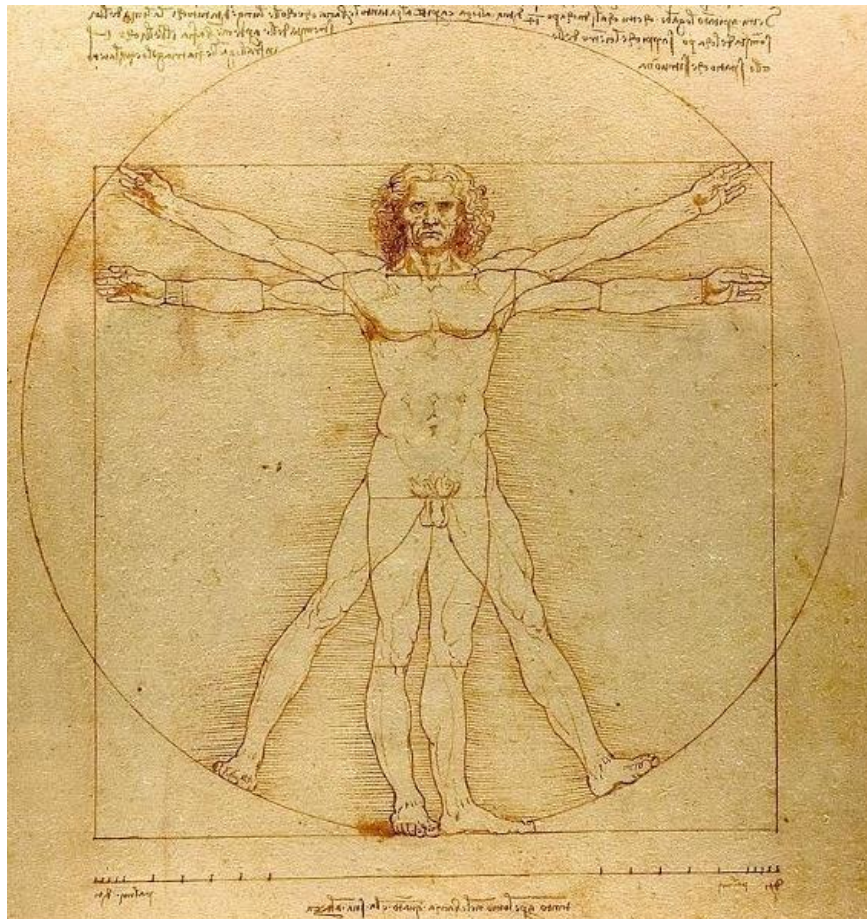
Here was a pretty ending to a night's amusement; but there was no help for it, since he refused to regard it all as a harmless joke, so they began producing letters and cards to prove their respectability. Jephson alone had neither a card nor a letter on him—but in searching his pockets he came across a “spoof” letter that a facetious London friend had posted in his rooms in the Rue St. Georges that day. It was addressed thus: “To the Right Honourable Lord Sir Charles Jephson, Esquire, N. B. R. S. V. P., etc., dans son Hotel de St. Georges—a Paris.”

In a spirit of banter he handed the envelope to the official, who read it attentively. The effect produced was astounding; he rose from his chair and with an obsequious bow assured Jephson that he would accept his assurance that he and all his friends would attend before the Commissaire when ordered to do so—or words to that effect. So they all trooped out of the station again, and curiously enough they heard no more of the affair; which perhaps proved that even in a Republican country like France a high-sounding title carried weight.

The success of the “Chat Noir” brought about extraordinary changes, not only in the life of Montmartre but in the world of entertainment generally. Shortly there were imitation “Chat Noirs” all over the district, and then the rage extended to the Grande Boulevards and beyond. Still others followed—in all of which the original conception of Salis could be treated—namely, to give scope to eccentric genius and original thought—with the result that a new school of decoration sprang up, which gradually ousted timeworn academic methods, and which even now holds its own.

Eros in Art

[Tokyo] The first time I saw Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man was in a street advertisement here in Tokyo. I was a little girl of five at the time and my mother told me not to stare. I was captivated by this piece of art.



We were out shopping for groceries and so I waited until we had got home and my mother had put away everything we had bought. She was sitting at our kitchen table sipping a cup of green tea. I asked my mother what the 'man with the out stretched arms' was all about.

She smiled at me and asked me why I wanted to know ... thinking perhaps that I was going to ask her something about “boys” and about sex. I surprised her by asking about the square and triangle in the drawing.

So she took an art book off her bookshelf and opened it to a picture of Vitruvian man and told me that the drawing was about three things:

- the Beauty of the human form,
- the Symmetry of the human form and about
- the Proportions of the human form.

Of course I knew what the word *Beauty* meant but I did not know what the words *Symmetry* and *Proportions* meant.

Patently my mother explained what symmetry and proportions meant. In fact she got me to undress and then stand in front of the full length mirror my parents had in their bedroom. She asked me to do the same pose as Vitruvian Man. I felt self-conscious and started to blush in a rather unusual place. It tingled in fact. I think this was the first sexual experience I ever had, standing as a *Vitruvian Girl* in front of my mother’s full length mirror.

I still get the same feeling when I stand in front of my full length mirror admiring my form. Perhaps there is something Pavlovian in all this?

Recently I asked a male friend of mine to take up Leonardo’s Vitruvian pose and I took a picture of him. I want to draw or paint him in this pose.

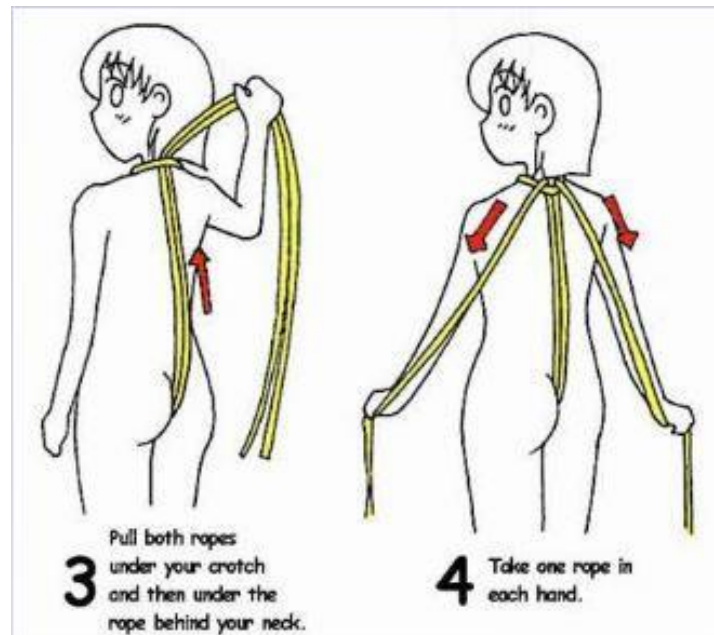
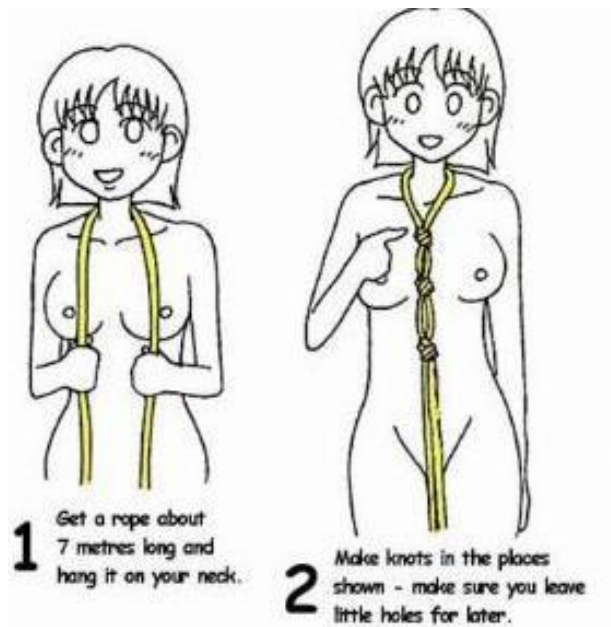


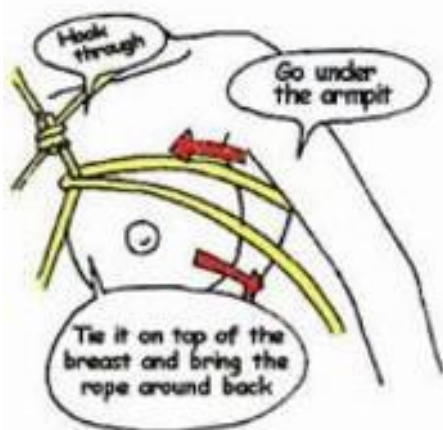
Do you see how beautiful he is?

Do you see how symmetric he is?

Do you see how well-proportioned he is?

[Oxford] I am bored with all my studying. I did this as a distraction.

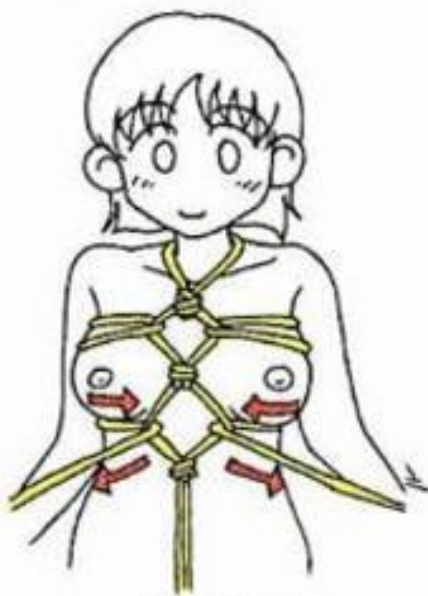




5 Pull the ropes under your arms and through the little holes you left open before, like in this picture.



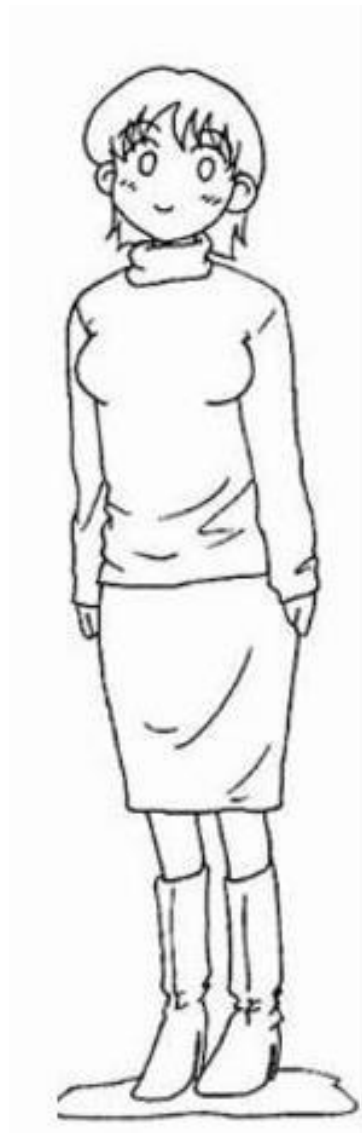
6 Then, go through the rope on your back, like this.



7 Repeat the same thing again, and go around your back one more time.



8 Finally, tie it all together in the front!



You can wear clothes over it.

No one will know what you have underneath.

You might want to put Vaseline on the rope that is
over your vulva to keep it from chaffing ...

[**Tokyo**] Recently I came across a series of six black and white pictorials in an old photography book I picked up at a Saturday morning flea market. The pictorials were of the corner of a plain room with a large framed window on one side and a ladder at the far corner, and a plain wall to the right. A nude woman walks into the pictorials, climbs the ladder and is seen to disappear into the wall. The series was a clever photomontage.

I decided to make the series into a short three minute film with the six black and white pictorials cycling through three times accompanied by an appropriate choice of music – The Valentino Tango, played by the Castellians with Victor Young leading the band. This music is a century old and was available digitally at archive.org (if you like recordings of old music by old bands ... take note!).

Each of the six black and white pictorials is a still for 12.5 seconds and merges one into the other seamlessly. Many years ago I had studied film at my high school but it has been years since I felt inspired to try my hand at film making. Learning film making was like learning how to ride a bike ... it is a skill you never lose.

I had not expected it but the film brought the woman to life (she was perhaps in her mid-twenties when the pictorials were taken ... today if she is still alive she would be in her seventies). As the film progresses the viewer seems drawn into the film and begins to notice more or experience more. I had not set out to accomplish this ... this effect was a pleasant surprise.



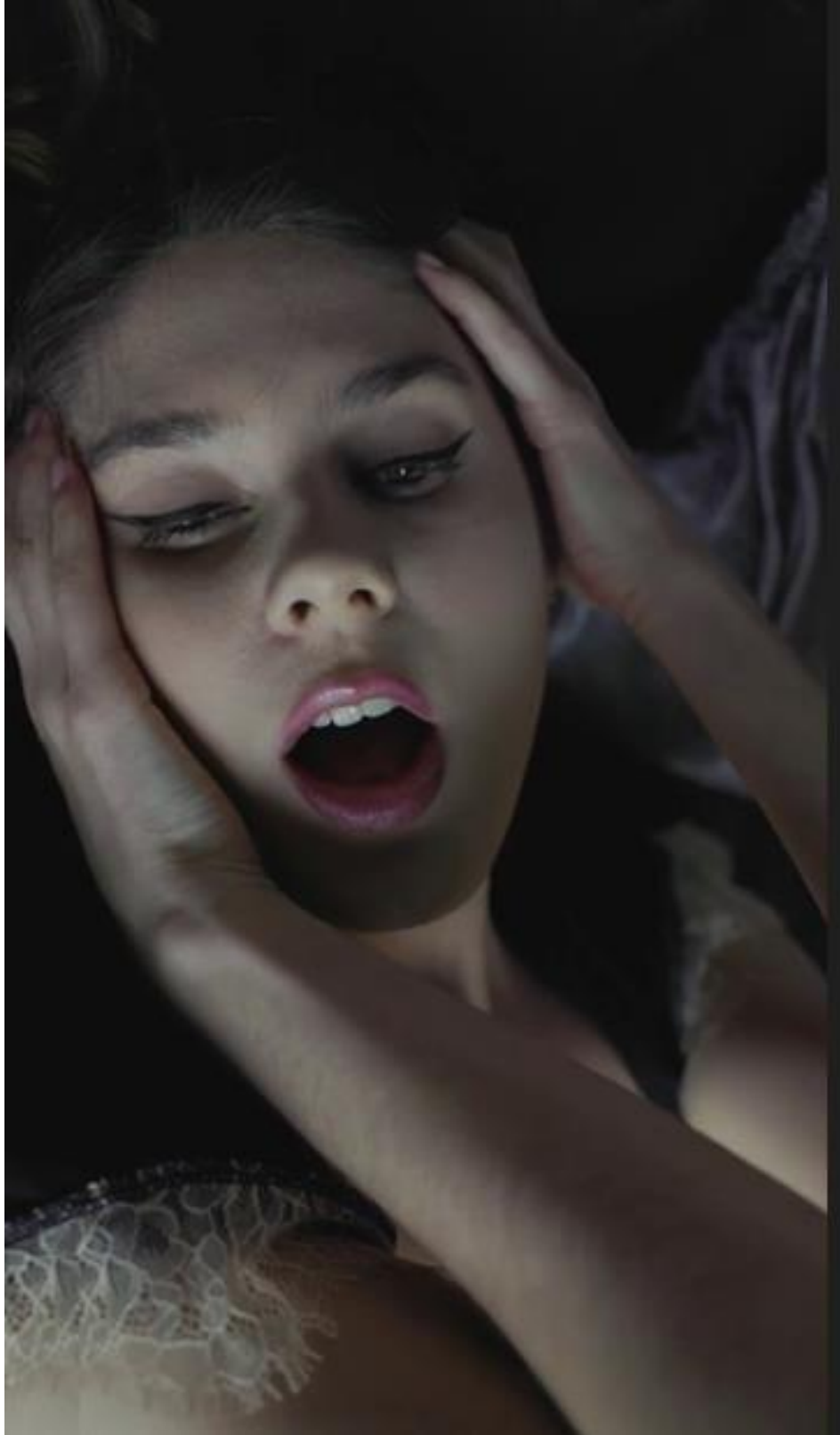




The Scream by Reiko

[**Tokyo**] My friend Aki showed me her The Woman and the Ladder short film and invited me to do something in the same style. I found pictorials of a woman screaming and made a film of this, with each series of pictorials become shorter in length and therefore more frantic. My film seems to work!

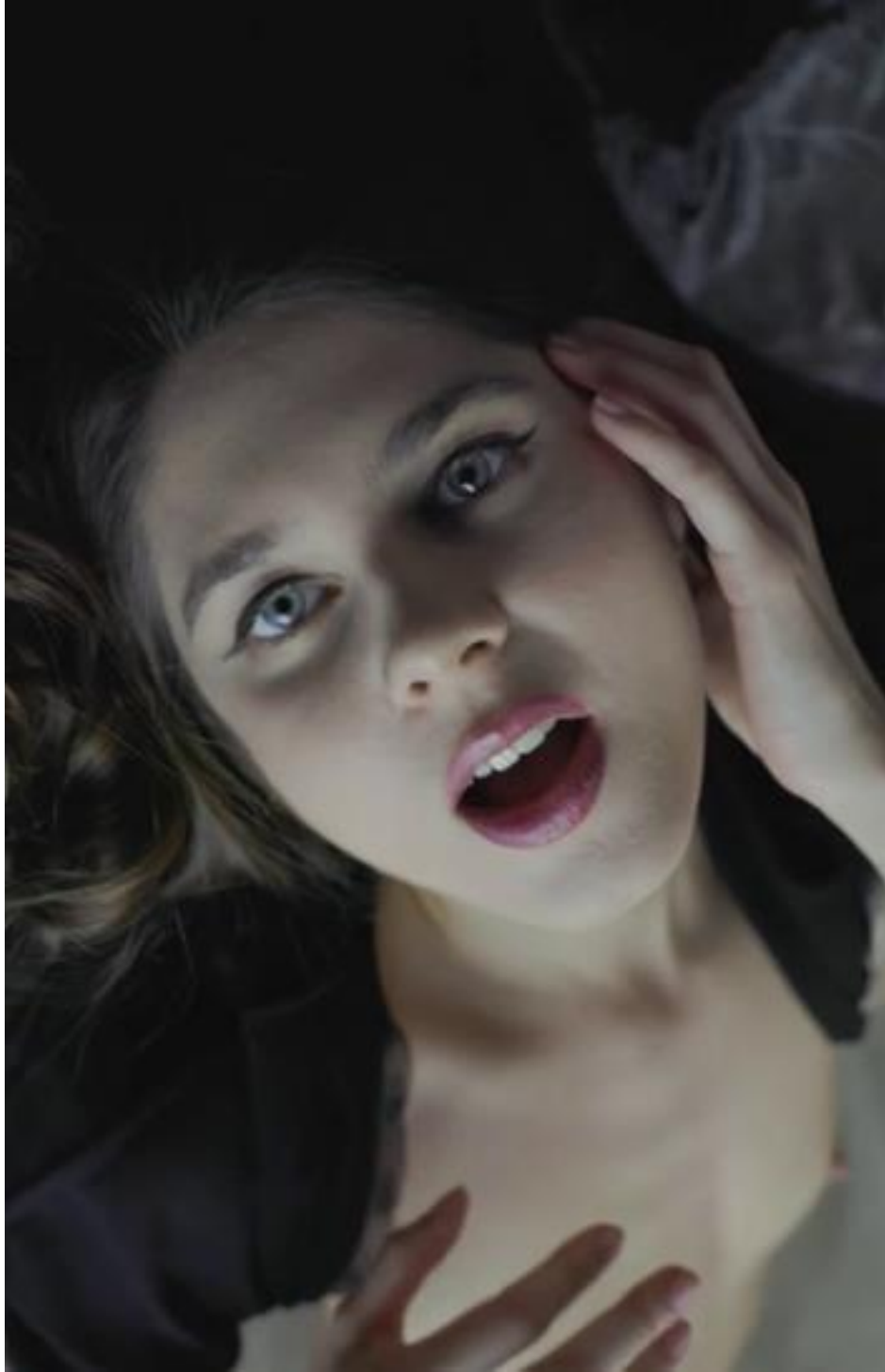






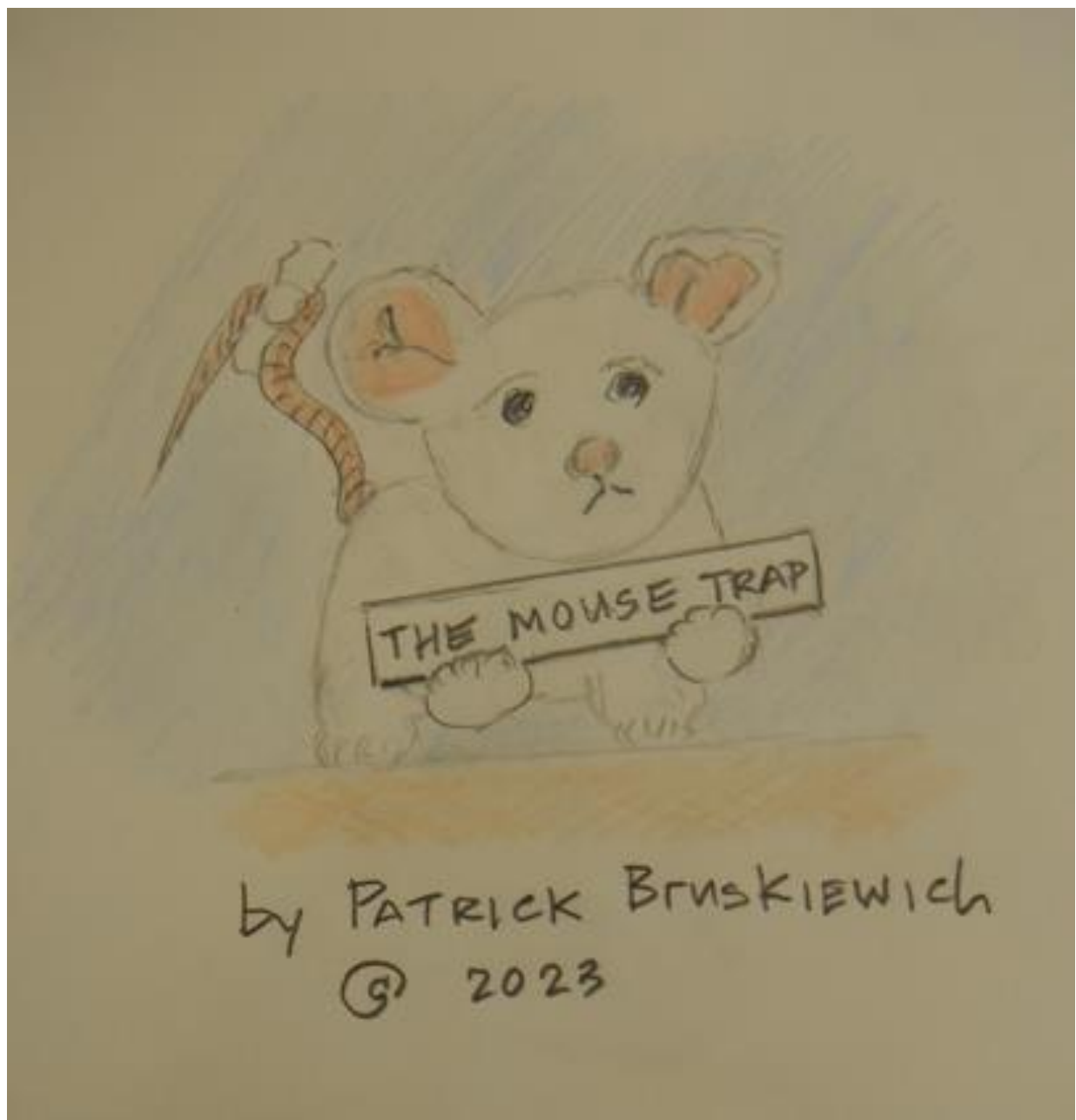






I invite you to try your hand at such experimental film!

The Mouse Trap by Patrick Bruskiewich









Some Figuratives from Figure Magazine, 1956

{remember that all of these beautiful women are now in their eighties and nineties.}









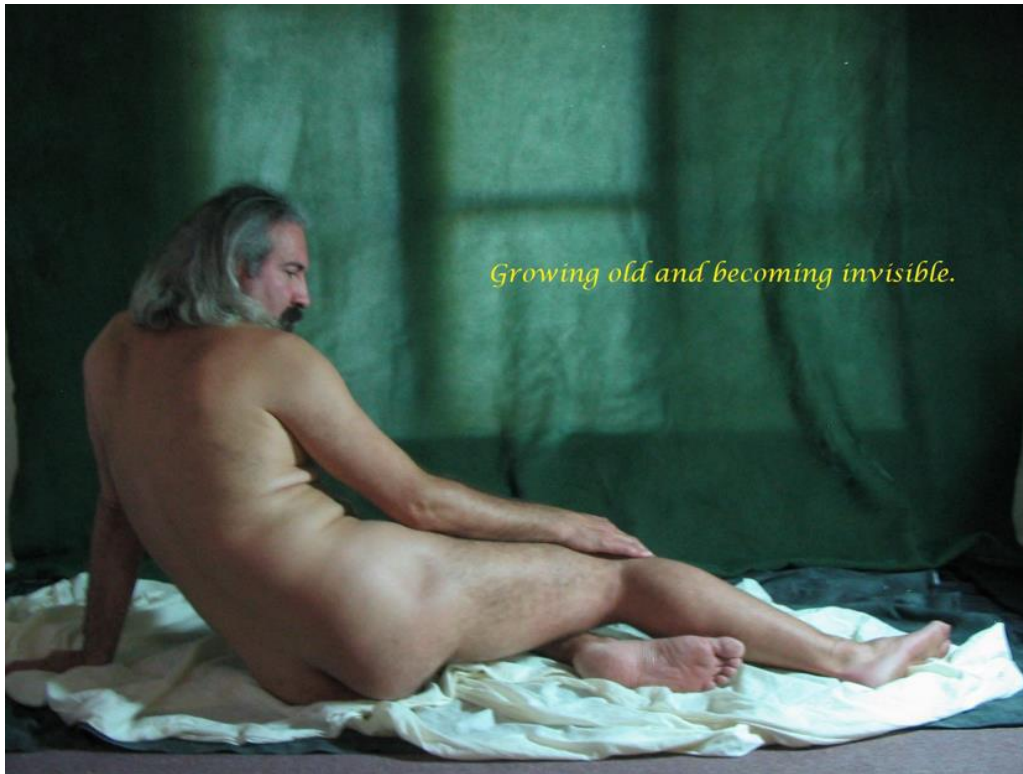








Growing Old by Patrick









growing old and losing one's sense of humor

Erotic Poetry

What Do You Prefer?

Oh men, do tell me true
How do you like to see my pubic hue?
Do you prefer a natural bush
Or a clean Brazilian that's plush?

Perhaps the landing strip is more your style
Or the lightning bolt makes you smile
Do you fancy the love heart shape
Or go for the martini with its drape?

Some like the silver fox that's gray
But others think it's best to stay
Within the lines of a speedo or bikini
Which makes it neat and oh so teeny.

Do you like it hidden or on display,
Shaved clean or in a special way,
Do you like to explore and discover
Or leave it to the imagination forever?

So pray, do tell me with great candor
What look makes your heart beat with a thunder
For I am curious to know

How you like your girl's pubic glow.

Let me Decide

I love my little bushy patch,
Short and soft, it's quite a catch.
I don't want to be bare down there,
It makes me feel vulnerable and rare.
A little bit of hair is just fine,
It's natural, not a crime.
I don't need to conform to society's norms,
I'll keep my short pubes, in all forms.
It's my body, my choice, my right,
To keep my fuzz, to hold it tight.
I don't need to please anyone else,
I'll keep my short pubes, for my own self.
So don't judge me or call me names,
For I'm proud of my little mane.
Short and wild, it's just my style,
My short pubes, always bring a smile.

Praise to Women's Breasts

My breasts are not just fatty tissue,
They come in all shapes and sizes, it's true.
Some are small and perky like grapes,
Others are larger and fuller, like cakes.

Some are lopsided or asymmetrical,
One might be bigger than the other, it's normal.
Some are pointed like cones,
Others are round like melons.

Some are saggy and droopy,
But that doesn't make them any less groovy.
They've nourished babies and felt pleasure,
And that is something to always treasure.

So let's celebrate our breasts,
In all their uniqueness and crest.
They are a part of who we are,
And they deserve love and care.

Cleavage

I've learned a simple trick
To make the boys go wild
It's just a little bit of skin
That leaves them all beguiled

It's the curve that draws them in
And captures their attention
The sight of cleavage gives them joy
And fills them with pure temptation

I can see their eyes all wandering
As they scan my chest with glee
And though it's a bit unsettling
It's also quite flattering, you see

After all, why fight the urge
To indulge in such a sight?
My curves are simply too alluring
To resist with all their might

So let the boys stare at my chest
And drink in the view with zeal
For I know that cleavage is a weapon
That they simply cannot conceal.

Yearnings

As the moon rises high in the sky,
I feel a hunger deep inside.
A yearning for something wild and free,
A desire that won't be denied.

I can feel my heart racing fast,
As my thoughts turn to the past.
The countless nights I've spent alone,
Wishing for something to call my own.

But now the fire burns bright and hot,
And I want what I've been missing, a lot.
To feel a man's strong arms around me tight,
And to lose myself in the wildness of the night.

I ache for passion and a lover's touch,
To lose control and give in to lust.
To let my body be free and wild,
And feel the heat that desires piled.

So tonight I'll wander through the streets,
Hoping to find someone to meet.
Someone who will take me to new heights,
And satisfy my deepest, wildest delights.

My Dreams at Night

As I tuck myself into bed at night,
My thoughts begin to take flight.
I dream of things both wild and obscene,
Of dirty talk and kinky scenes.

My lips part open as I speak,
My voice a low and sultry streak.
I whisper things I dare not say,
In the light of the day.

My fantasies run wild and free,
As I let my mind be all it can be.
I long to touch and taste and feel,
To make my lover's senses reel.

I crave the thrill of the untamed,
To explore this world, yet unclaimed.
So let me speak my dirty mind,
And leave my inhibitions far behind.

For when the night falls and I'm alone,
I'll let my deepest desires be shown.
And though some may judge and criticize,
I'll speak my truth, and let my heart arise.

For I am a woman who loves all things raw,
And though society may try to ignore,
I'll never be ashamed of who I am,
For I am a girl who loves to talk dirty, damn.

Flirting

Flirting, it's an art.
For women who want to be smart,
if you learn the tricks and do it right,
he will long for you, all day and night.

Compete with him, just a little,
but don't make him feel belittle.
Show him that you are hard to get
and is worthy of someone perfect.

Touch him, let him feel your warmth,
Make him feel you're not indifferent,
Keep the conversation flowing,
Impress him with your sensual clothing.

Be playful and laugh at his jokes,
Make him feel relaxed and provoke,
Play hard to get, for a while,
Let him enjoy the chase and smile.

Whisper into his ear, softly and seductively,
Let your voice sound, sultry and convincingly,
Bite your lip, for an enticing effect,
Let him imagine, how much you're perfect.

Get close to him, let him feel your touch,
Squeeze past him, closely and hush,
Use open body language, let him in,
Feel the pleasure building up within.

Let him catch you looking, with a spark,

Make him want you, even in the dark,
Text him something naughty, just a tease,
Make him crave for more, just with ease.

Make eye contact, frequently and bold,
Let him know, you're under his control,
Flirting, it's an art, so play it right,
Make him long for you, all day and night.

Guilt

In my head, I'm always torn
Between what's right and what I want more
When I'm feeling heated and forlorn
I do things I'll surely regret for sure

I can't help how my body feels
It craves the touch of another
And despite the consequences, I steal
The moments that I'll pay for later

I cheat on my boyfriend with ease
And make out with my best friend's lover
I even gave in to my sister's husband's please
All just to satisfy my lustful hunger.

I know they're just using me for sex

But I'm willing to play the game
I can't resist the temptation, I'm vexed
And yet, I'll just end up feeling shame

Guilt and regret will always follow
As I wake up the next day, alone
I know I've acted very shallow
And promised to never again atone

But then the cycle repeats itself
As if my body has a mind of its own
I know I'll never be freed from this spell
Until my desire has fully grown

So please forgive my invasive thoughts
And my tendency to act out of line
I'm just a girl whose passion can't be fought
Even when I'll regret it time after time.

His Smell

I know it might seem odd,
But there's something about that smell,
That drives me crazy, oh my god,
I can't help but feel compelled.

It's not just any scent,

It's the specific one that lingers,
A fragrance that's heaven-sent,
Arousing my lustful fingers.

The musk of your manhood,
Mixed with sweat and pheromones,
Is a scent that's understood,
To ignite my lustful bones.

And though some may find it gross,
To me it's irresistibly sexy,
As I inhale, I feel engrossed,
In the passion that surrounds me.

So let me enjoy the aroma,
Of your penis and balls divine,
For it's a scent that's like no other,
And drives me wild every time.

A Kiss

A fiery kiss,
Filled with desire,
Lips locked in bliss,
Setting our hearts on fire.

The touch of skin on skin,

Electricity in the air,
Hearts racing with a grin,
As we lose ourselves in the moment fair.

Passionate and sweet,
Our love for each other shines,
As we surrender to the heat,
And lose track of time.

The world fades away,
As we share this intimate bliss,
Our bodies sway,
In a moment that we will never miss.

Passionate kisses,
That keep us aflame,
Love that never misses,
And forever remains the same.

In the Company of Boys

I bask in the presence of boys,
The center of attention, I enjoy,
Discussing girls, with a sexy voice,
In revealing dress, I make them rejoice.

Talking of sex, kinks, and fetishes,

The freedom to speak without any glitches,
A daring spirit, I never flinch,
And when it comes to porn, I'm always in.

Flirtatious banter makes me gleam,
Boys around me look like a dream,
I love the power it gives me,
The attention is what I aim to see.

So let's talk about things that make us blush,
Secret desires, we need to hush,
The company of boys is what I crave,
And their attention is what I always save.

Let's Have Fun!

Looking for a guy, but not for romance,
No strings attached, just a quick little dance.
Someone to spend a night, or maybe two,
Not looking for forever, just something to do.

No need for roses, or romantic poems,
I just want someone to satisfy my hunger and roam.
No hearts to break, no love to find,
Just a quick little escape, for my restless mind.

I know what I want, and I won't pretend,

Just a guy who's down, for a night with no end.
No need for labels, or promises of forever,
Just two consenting adults, making memories we'll treasure.

So if you're up for it, and you're feeling brave,
Come take a chance with me, just for the day.
We'll live in the moment, with no regrets or fears,
Just two people, having fun and shedding no tears.

Mistake

I never meant to send those pics
To someone I didn't know
But in a moment of distraction
my finger tapped on 'send' and it just went so

For hours I waited, with bated breath
Curled up in a ball on my bed
Wondering if he'd seen them yet
Wishing I could just crawl under the covers instead

But then the phone buzzed
A notification came through
And I finally faced the music
And opened the message, ready to undo

But his response wasn't what I hoped for

Instead of disgust or anger, he was curious
He wanted to know more, see more
And I couldn't help but feel a little delirious

I never meant for this to happen,
A moment of carelessness led to distraction,
Sending a photo to a stranger, without caution,
Leaving me with nothing but pure attraction.

One thing led to another
And soon we were chatting non-stop
couldn't believe what had happened
the mistake had opened up new doors, like my mind had popped

Messages back and forth, leading to temptation,
A conversation that sparked with endless infatuation,
The desire between us grew with each conversation,
Leading to one thing, and one thing only, pure sensation.

I gave in to the temptation
Took more pics, shared more of my intimate self
It was exhilarating, so forbidden
But I couldn't stop, wanted to delve

I knew the risks, but my heart took over,
As we met in a place where only love could conquer.
With each touch, my body surrender,

To the moment where I was left no longer.

What started as an accident,
Turned into a moment of pure bliss,
As we had something that was heaven-sent,
A connection that led to more than just a simple kiss.

But now I stand here, with regret in my heart,
Knowing what I gave up was far too much to start.
A mistake that will forever stay in my memory,
The conflict within me, will remain a mystery.

In Memory of the Boys I have Enjoyed

I've seen them all, big and small
Smooth and bumpy, short and tall
Each one unique, with its own charm
I can't help but feel a sense of awe and alarm

Some are curved, like a banana
Others straight, like a flagpole in Havana
Some are thick, like a summer sausage
Others thin, like a pencil in its usage

But size isn't everything, as we all know
It's the motion that makes the juices flow
Some move like a snake, so smooth and sleek

Others like a piston, strong and unique

Every dick I've encountered has left a mark
A memory of pleasure, like a sweet spark
I may never see them all, but that's okay
For each one I've had, I'll cherish and replay

So here's to the cocks, of every kind
For they bring pleasure and joy, to every mind
May we cherish and appreciate them all
For they bring pleasure and happiness, in their own way and drawl.

Unconditional Love

I ache to please you, my love
To feel your body quiver and move
To taste your passion on my tongue
And feel your heart beat like a drum

But you're so preoccupied, it seems
With games and screens and other things
You watch the match with eager eyes
While I long to hear your moans and sighs

I continue giving you a BJ from under the table
or rimming your ass and balls
while you are enjoying it like a king

having dinner or attending calls

I dress up in my finest clothes
And put on makeup for you to adore
uncomfortable heels and sexy accessories
so that you don't feel bore

But you're too busy with your phone
Looking at *girly* pics that make you groan
sometimes actress, sometimes ... star
or stalking some girl near and far

I offer myself to your whims
Without a second thought or any shims
ready to do no matter how
kinky or degrading it seems

But you compare me to others you've fucked
telling me how sexy and good she was
how nice it felt to fill her pussy
and how big her boobs and ass was

I let you use me however you wish
always ready *to offer all of me* ...
but you fuck me without giving me any attention
while watching your favorite porn

I plan for some romantic date
with decoration and good music
i love to spend time with you
every moment that i can cherish

but you don't care about foreplay
you just look for your release
you use me like a sex toy, a flashlight
and dump me whenever you please ...

I long to feel your love for me
And have you prioritize my ecstasy
But it seems that all you care about
Is finding pleasure from some other bout

You mock me, degrade me,
humiliate me for all i do for you
But still I come back every time,
coz my love is true.

So I'll continue to offer myself
In the hope that someday you'll see
my love for you is pure and unconditional
and you also feel the same about me.

The Art of Her

Her body is a work of art,
From her eyes that enchant my heart,
To her face that speaks of grace,
And her lips that I long to taste.

Her hairs flow like a cascade,
And her neck invites a gentle embrace,
The curve of her boobs is a sight to behold,
And her underarm is as soft as gold.

Her cleavage is a secret garden,
And her navel, a divine button,
Her waist, a dreamy hourglass,
And her thighs, a pair I'll forever stare in class.

Her bum, a work of perfection,
And her legs, a mighty creation,
And the littlest details, like her feet,
Are all a part of this magnificent feat.

Her body is a work of art,
A masterpiece that will never depart,
An endless fountain of beauty and grace,
That will forever hold a special place.

An Elegy by Propertius

As on the beach sad Ariadne lay,
While the deaf winds false Theseus bore away;
As from the rock Andromeda redeemed,
More sweet, more fair in her first slumber seemed;
Or as the no less weary Bacchanal
Surprised by sleep near some smooth stream does fall;
Such seemed to me, so was my Cynthia laid,
While breathing soft repose the lovely maid
On her fair hand reclined her bending head;
When I, well drunk through the too narrow street
Dragged home at midnight my unfaithful feet;
But as she appeared so charming to my view,
Gently I pressed the bed, and near her drew,
Thinking (for so much sense I still retained)
The Fort of Love might by surprise be gained.
Yet though commanded by a double fire,
Both by the flames of wine, and hot desire;
Though my lewd hand would naughtily have strayed,
And I would fain my arms have ready made;
I durst not in the soft assault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienced rage;
But so my greedy eyes surveyed her o'er.
The waking Argus watched not lo more;
Sometimes I loosed the chaplet from my brow,
And tried how sweedy 'twould on Cynthia show.

Sometimes corrected her disordered hair,
That loosely wantoned with the sportive air.
And when she sighed, I credulously feared,
Some frightful vision to my love appeared.
Till the bright moon thro' the window shone,
(The moon that would not suddenly be gone)
She with her subtile rays unclosed her eyes,
When thus against me did her fury rise:
“At length affronted by some tawdry jade,
Kicked out of doors, you're forced into my bed;
For where is it you spend your nights? you come,
Drawn off and impotent, at morning, home;
I wish, base man! I wish such nights you had,
As you force me! unhappy me! to lead.
Sometimes, I with my needle sleep deceive,
Then with my lute my weariness relieve,
Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
While in some other's arms you melt away;
Till sleep's soft wings my willing eyelids close.
Beguile my sorrows, and my cares compose.”

A Charm by Lucius Furius

Your demure expression,
the unfailing grace with which you meet
the small misfortunes which we meet each day.
Your ready smile, intelligent gaze...

(the eyelashes covering your half-closed eyes).

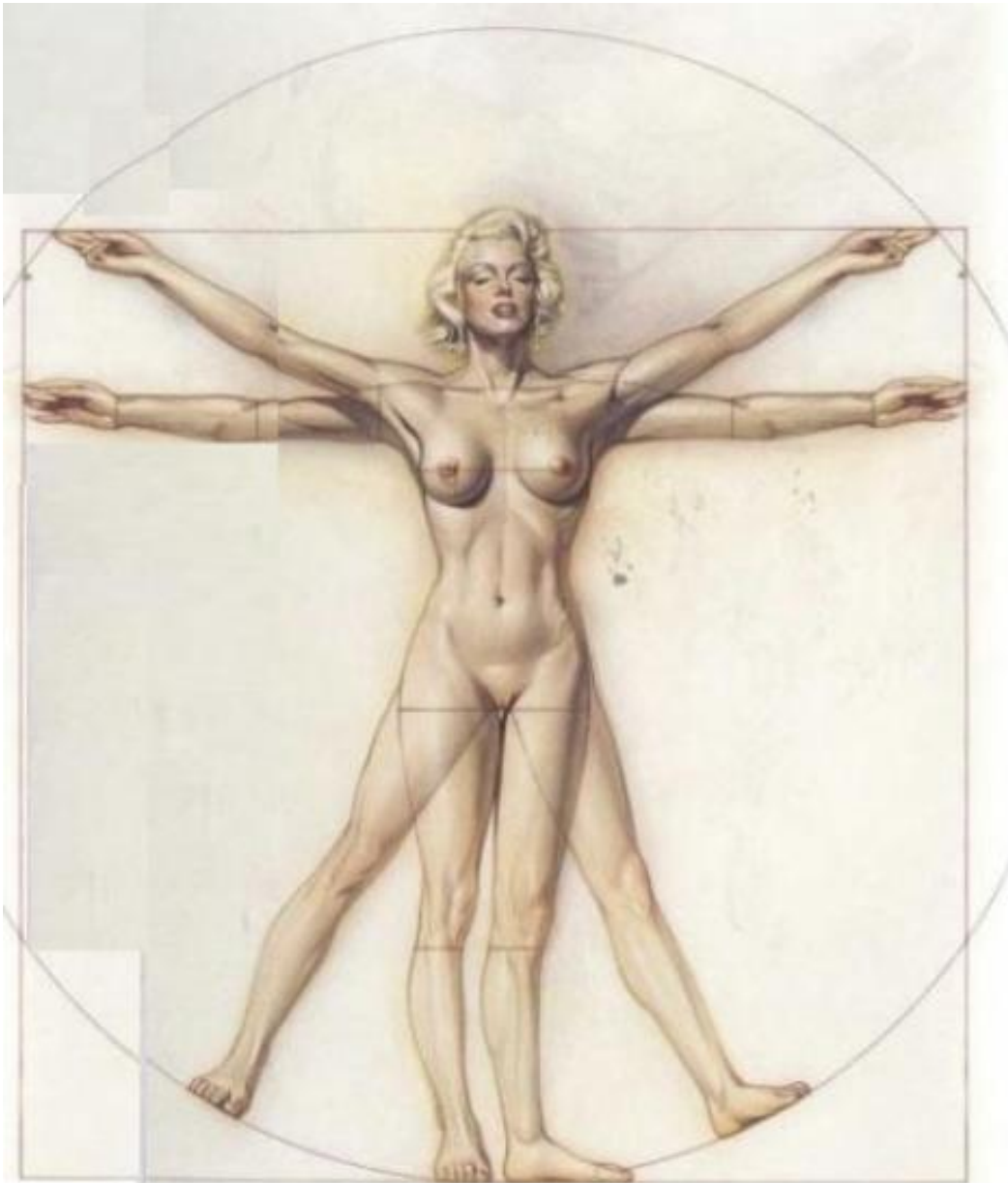
The care you take in your dress—
nothing fancy, but always pleasing—
never letting one forget you're a woman.
That warm-red, slightly orange, sweater,
the color of poppies,
so perfect next to your yellow hair....

Let these words be a charm against
all actual physical love;
let them somehow quench the passion
which they are tokens of.

Never Give All the Heart by William Butler Yeats

Never give all the heart, for love
Will hardly seem worth thinking of
To passionate women if it seem
Certain, and they never dream
That it fades out from kiss to kiss;
For everything that's lovely is
But a brief, dreamy, kind delight.
O never give the heart outright,
For they, for all smooth lips can say,
Have given their hearts up to the play.
And who could play it well enough
If deaf and dumb and blind with love?
He that made this knows all the cost,
For he gave all his heart and lost.

Pictorial: Vitruvian Marilyn



I think I should have loved you presently

I think I should have loved you presently,
And given in earnest words I flung in jest;
And lifted honest eyes for you to see,
And caught your hand against my cheek and breast;
And all my pretty follies flung aside
That won you to me, and beneath your gaze,
Naked of reticence and shorn of pride,
Spread like a chart my little wicked ways.
I, that had been to you, had you remained,
But one more waking From a recurrent dream,
Cherish no less the certain stakes I gained,
And walk your memory's halls, austere, supreme,
A ghost in marble of a girl you knew
Who would have loved you in a day or two.

Oh, think not I am faithful to a vow

Oh, think not I am faithful to a vow!
Faithless am I save to love's self alone.
Were you not lovely I would leave you now:
After the feet of beauty fly my own.
Were you not still my hunger's rarest food,
And water ever to my wildest thirst,

I would desert you—think not but I would!
And seek another as I sought you first.
But you are mobile as the veering air,
And all your charms more changeful than the tide,
Wherefore to be inconstant is no care:
I have but to continue at your side.
So wanton, light and false, my love, are you,
I am most faithless when I most am true.

I shall forget you presently, my dear

I shall forget you presently, my dear,
So make the most of this, your little day,
Your little month, your little half a year,
Ere I forget, or die, or move away,
And we are done forever; by and by
I shall forget you, as I said, but now,
If you entreat me with your loveliest lie
I will protest you with my favorite vow.
I would indeed that love were longer-lived,
And vows were not so brittle as they are,
But so it is, and nature has contrived
To struggle on without a break thus far,
Whether or not we find what we are seeking
Is idle, biologically speaking.

Never A Time by Veronica Glauber

the cool winds rush past me as time ticks by
it feel like the tears that had fallen when i cry
the glow of a street light reminds me of you
theres a time when u luved me & i luved you too
now that time has left and you are now gone
so i guess its my turn to be moving on
so i'll burn all the pictures and letters too
but there will never be a time when i won't b luving you

Pictorial: Heh ... what are you all laughing at?



Gee ... I didn't think I was that small ...

